Mach. A Nasmith

A GODLY DREAM,

COMPYLED

BY

ELIZABETH MELVIL,

LADY CULROSSE

younger.

At the
Request of a FRIEND.

Introito per angustam portam, nam lata est via quæ ducit ad interitum.

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UPon a day as I did mourn ful sore, (gr
For sundry things wherewith my soul w
My grief increased and grew more and m
I comfort fled and could not be relievd.
With heavinesse my heart was sore mischievd,
I loathd my life, I could not eat nor drink,
I might not speak, nor look to none that lived
But musde alone and diverse things did think.

2 This wretched world did so molest my mind
I thought upon this false and iron age:
And how our hearts are so to vice inclind;
That Satan seemd most fearfully to rage:
Nothing on earth my sorrow could asswage;
I felt my sin so strongly to increase:
I grievd the Sprit was wont to be my pledge;
My soul was plungd into most deep distresse,

3 All merrinesse did aggravate my pain,
And earthly joyes did still increase my wo:
In company I could no wayes remain,
But fled resort, and so alone did go;
My silly soul was tossed to and fro.
With sundry thoughts which troubled me full sore
I preasd to pray, but sighs oreset me so,
I could do nought, but groan, and say no more.

4 The trickling tears abundantly ran down,
My heart was easd when I had mournd my fill.
Then I began my lamentation,
And said, O Lord, how long is it thy will,
That thy poor saints shal be afflicted stil
Alas how long shal subtile Sathan rage,
Make haste O Lord thy promise to fulfil,
Make haste to end our painful pilgrimage,

5 The silly Saints are tossed to and fro,
Awake, O Lord, why sleepest thou so long
We have no strength against our cruel foe,
In sighs and sobs now changed is our song;

e World prevails our enemies are ſtrong
e wicked rage, but we are poor and weak;
hew thy ſelf with ſpeed; revenge thy wrong;
ke ſhort theſe dayes, even for thy choſens ſake,
Lord Jeſus come and ſave thine own Elect,
Satan ſeeks our ſillie ſouls to ſlay:
e wicked world doth ſtrongly us infect;
ſt wondrous ſins increaſe do day by day,
r love growes cold, our zeal is worne away;
r faith is faild, and we are like to fall:
e Lyon roars, to catch us as a prey
ke haſte, O Lord, before we periſh all
, Theſe are the dayes which thou ſo long foretold
uld come before this wretched world ſhould end,
w vice abounds and charity growes cold,
l even thine own moſt ſtrangely do offend.
e Devil prevails, his forces he doth bend,
could be, to wrack thy children dear:
we are thine, therefore ſome ſuccour ſend,
ieve our ſouls, we weary wandring here.
What can we do? we clogged are with ſin,
lthy vice our ſenſleſſe ſouls are drownd,
ough we reſolve we never can begin,
mend our lives, but ſin doth ſtil abound,
en wilt thou come? when ſhal thy trumpet ſound?
en ſhal we ſee that great and glorious day?
ve us Lord out of that pit profound
reave us from that loathſome lump of clay.
hou knowes our hearts, thou ſees our whole deſire
ſecret thoughts they are not hid from thee:
ugh we offend, thou knowes we ſtrangely tyre,
ear this weight, our ſprit would fain be free.
O Lord, what pleaſure can it be,
ve in ſin, that ſore doth preſſe us down.
ive us wings, that we aloft my flee
end the fight that we may wear the crown.
lore the Lord when I had thus complained My

My mind grew calm, my heart was then at reſt,
Though I was faint, from food I yet reſtraind,
And went to bed, becauſe I thought it beſt,
With heavineſſe my ſprite was ſore oppreſt,
I fel on ſleep, and ſo again me thought,
I made my moan, and ſo my griefe increaſt,
And from the Lord with tears I ſuccour ſought.

11 Lord Jeſus come, ſaid I and end my griefe,
My ſprite is vext, the captive would be free:
All vice abounds, now ſend us ſome relief,
I loath to live, I wiſh diſſolv'd to be.
My ſprite doth long and thriſteth after thee,
As thirſtie ground requires a ſhowre of rain,
My heart is dry, as fruitleſſe barren tree,
I feel my ſelf, how can I here remain.

12 With ſighs and ſobs, as I did ſo lament,
Into my dream, me thought there did appear,
A ſight moſt ſweet which did me wel content:
An Angel bright, with viſage ſhining clear.
With loving looks, and with a ſmiling chear,
He asked me, why art thou thus ſo ſad?
Why groans thou ſo? what doſt thou dwining here
With careful cryes in this thy bailful bed.

13 I hear thy ſighs, I ſee thy trickling tears,
Thou ſeems to be in ſome perplexity:
What mean thy moans, what is the thing thou fear
Whom would thou have? in what place would thou
Faint not ſo faſt in thy adverſity.
Mourn not ſo ſore, ſith mourning may not mend,
Liſt up thy heart, declare thy griefe to me,
Perchance thy pain brings pleaſure in the end.

14 I ſigh'd again, and ſaid alas for wo,
My griefe is great, I cannot it declare:
Into this earth I wander to and fro,
A pilgrim poor, conſum'd with ſighing ſore,
My ſins encrace, increaſe do more and more,
Loath my life, I weary wandring here:

ong for heaven, my heritage is there,
ong to live with my Redeemer dear.
15 Is this the cauſe, ſaid he: riſe up anone,
nd follow me; and I ſhal be thy guide:
ſtrain thy ſighs, leave off thy heavy moan,
ſtrain from tears, and caſt thy care aſide.
uſt in my ſtrength, and in my word confide,
d thou ſhalt have thine heavy hearts deſire.
ſe up with ſpeed, I may not long abide,
eat diligence this matter doth require.
16 My ſoul rejoyc'd to hear his words ſo ſweet,
ooked up and ſaw his face ſo fair,
is countenance reviv'd my weary ſprite,
continent I caſt aſide my care,
ith humble heart I prayed him to declare,
hat was his Name: he anſwer'd me again
m thy God for whom thou ſighs ſo ſore,
now am come, thy tears are not in vain.
17 I am the Way, I am the Truth and Life,
m thy Spouſe, that brings thee ſtore of grace:
m thy Lord that ſoon will end thy ſtrife,
m thy Love whom thou would fain imbrace.
m thy Joy, I am thy reſt and peace,
ſe up anone and follow after me:
ſhall thee lead into that dwelling place,
e land of reſt thou longs ſo ſore to ſee.
18 With joyfull heart I thanked him again,
eady am I, ſaid I, and well content
o follow thee, for here I live in pain,
wretch unworth, my days untimely ſpent;
ot one is juſt, but all are fiercely bent
o run to vice, I have no force to ſtand:
y ſins increaſe, which make me ſore lament
ke haſte, O Lord, I long to ſee that land,
19 Thy haſte is great, he anſwer'd me again,
ou thinkſt thee there, thou art tranſported ſo;
a pleaſant place muſt purchaſed be with pain,

The way is ſtrait, and thou haſt far to go.
Art thou content to wander to and fro,
Through great deſarts, through water and through
Through thorns and briers, and many dangers m
What ſayeſt thou, thy feeble fleſh will tyre.
20 Alace ſaid I, alrhough my fleſh be weak,
My Sprite is ſtrong, and willing for to flee:
O leave me not, but for thy mercies ſake
Perform thy word. or elſe for dool I die.
I feel no pain ſince I ſhould follow thee,
The way is long, yet bring me through at laſt:
Thou anſweredſt well, I am content ſaid he,
To be thy guide, but ſee thou grip me faſt.
21 Then up I roſe and made no more delay,
My feeble arms about his neck I caſt:
He went before, and ſtill did guide the way,
Though I was weak, my Sprite did follow faſt,
Through moſſe & myre, through ditches deep we
Through pricking thorns, through water & throg
Through dreadful dens, he made my heart agaſt,
He bare me up when I began to tyre.
22 Sometimes we clamb on craigie mountain
And ſometimes ſtay'd on ugly brayes of ſand:
They were ſo ſtay that wonder was to ſee,
But when I fear'd, he held me by the hand.
Throgh thick & thin, through ſea & eke through
Through great deſarts we wandred on our way,
When I was weak and had no ſtrength to ſtand,
Yet with a look he did refreſh me ay.
23 Throgh waters great we were compel'd to
Which was ſo ſteep that I was like to drown,
Sometimes I ſank, but yet my gracious guide,
Did draw me up half dead, and in a ſwown.
In woods moſt wilde, and far from any town,
We thruſted through, the briers together ſta
I was ſo weak, their ſtrength did beat me d
That I was forc'd for fear to flee aback.

24 Courage ſaid he, thou art mid-way and more,
Thou muſt not tyre, nor turn aback again:
Hold faſt thy grip, on me caſt all thy care,
Aſſay thy ſtrength, thou ſhalt not fight in vain;
I told thee firſt that thou ſhalt ſuffer pain,
The nearer heaven the harder is the way:
Lift up thy heart, and let thy hope remain,
Since I am guide, thou ſhalt not go aſtray.
25 Forward we paſt on narrow bridge of tree,
Ov'r waters great, which hideouſly did roar:
There lay below, that fearfull was to ſee,
Moſt ugly beaſts that gaped to devour.
My head grew light, and troubled very ſore,
My heart did fear, my feet began to ſlide:
But when I cry'd he heard me evermore,
And helpt me up, O bleſſed be my guide.
26 Weary I was, and thought to ſit at reſt,
But he ſaid nay; thou mayſt not ſit nor ſtand,
Hold on thy courſe, and thou ſhal find it beſt,
If thou deſires to ſee that pleaſant land.
Though I was weak I roſe at his command,
And held him faſt, at length he let me ſee
That pleaſant place that ſeem'd to be at hand;
Take courage now, for thou art near ſaid he.
27 I looked up into that Caſtle fair,
Glistring with gold and ſhining ſilver bright
The ſtately tower did mount above the air,
They blinded me, they caſt ſo great a light.
My heart was glad to ſee that joyfull ſight,
My voyage then I thought it not in vain:
Him beſought to guide me there aright,
With many vows never to tyre again.
28 Though thou be near the way is very hard,
Said he again, therefore thou muſt be ſtout:
Faint not for fear, for cowards are debar'd
That have no heart to go their voyage out.
Pluck up thine heart, and grip me faſt about,

But through this trance together we must go:
The way is strait, remember for to lout,
If this were past we have not many moe.
29 I held him fast as he did give command,
And through the trance together then we went:
Where in the midst great pricks of iron did stand,
Wherewith my feet were all betorn and rent.
Take courage now, said he, and be content,
To suffer this, the pleasure comes at last.
I answered not, but ran incontinent
Out through the fire, and then the pain was past.
30 When this was done my heart did daunce for
I was so near, I thought my voyage ended:
I ran before, and sought not his convoy,
Nor askt the way, because I thought I knew it,
On stately steps most stoutly I ascended,
Without his help I thought to enter there:
He followed fast and was right sore offended,
And hastily did draw me down the stair.
31 What haste said he, why ran thou so before,
Without mine help thinkst thou to climb too hie,
Come down again, thou yet must suffer more,
If thou desires that dwelling place to see.
This stately stair it was not made for thee,
Holdst thou the course, thou shalt be thrust aback
Alace said I, long wandring wearied me,
Which made me run, the neareſt way to take.
32 Then he began to comfort me again,
And said, my friend thou must not enter there:
Lift up thy heart thou yet must suffer pain,
The last assault of needs it must be sore.
This goodly way although it seem so fair,
It is too high, thou cannot climb so stay;
But look below beneath a little stair,
And thou shalt see another kind of way.
33 I looked down, and saw a pit most black,
Most full of smoak, and flamming fire most fell;

hat ugly ſight made me to flee aback,
ſear'd to hear ſo many ſhout and yell.
him beſought that he the truth would tell,
this ſaid I the Papiſts purging place,
Vhere they affirm that ſilly ſouls do dwell,
o purge their ſins, before they reſt in peace.
34 The brain of man muſt warely did invent
hat purging place, he anſwer'd me again:
or greedineſſe together they conſent,
o ſay that ſouls in torment muſt remain,
hile gold and goods relieve them of their pain.
O ſpiteſull Sprits that do the ſame begin:
O blinded beaſts, your thoughts are all in vain,
y blood alone our ſouls are cleanſ'd from ſin.
35 This pit is hell, wherethrough thou now muſt go,
here is the way that leads to the land:
hen play the man, thou needs not tremble ſo,
or I ſhal hold and help thee by the hand.
lace, ſaid I, I have no force to ſtand,
ear I faint to ſee that ugly ſight:
ow can I come amongſt that bailful band,
h help me now, I have no force to fight.
36 Oft have I heard, that they that enter here,
this great gulf ſhall never come again;
urage ſaid he, have I not bought thee dear,
y precious bloud it was not ſhed in vain,
aw this place, my ſoul did taſte this pain,
e ere I went into my Fathers glore;
hrough muſt thou go, but thou ſhalt not remain,
hou needs not fear, for I ſhall go before.
37 I am content to do thy whole command,
id I again, and did him faſt embrace:
hen lovinglie he held me by the hand,
nd in I went into that fearful place.
old faſt thy grip, ſaid he in anie caſe,
t me not ſlip what ever thou ſhall ſee:
read not the death, but ſtoutlie forward preaſe, For

For death nor hell ſhall never vanquiſh thee.

38 His words ſo ſweet did chear my heavy heart
Incontinent I caſt my care aſide.
Courage ſaid he, play not a cowards part,
Though thou be weak, yet in my ſtrength confide
I thought me bleſt to have ſo good a guide;
Though I was weak, I knew that he was ſtrong
Under his wings I thought me for to hide;
If any there ſhould preale to do me wrong.

39 Into that pit when I did enter in,
I ſaw a ſight which made me ſore agaſt.
Poor damned ſouls, tormented ſore for ſin,
In flaming fire were frying very faſt.
And ugly Sprits. And as I had them paſt,
My heart grew faint, and I began to tyre:
Ere I was ware, one gripped me full faſt,
And held me high above a flaming fire.

40 The fire was great, the heat did pierce me ſo
My faith grew weak, my grip was very ſmall.
I trembled faſt, my fear grew more and more,
My hands did ſhake that I held him withall.
At length they looſed, then I began to fall,
And cry'd aloud, and caught him faſt again:
Lord Jeſus come and rid me out of thrall,
Courage ſaid he, now art thou paſt the pain.

41 With this great fear, I ſtarted and awoke,
Crying aloud, Lord Jeſus come again:
But after that no kind of reſt I took,
I preas'd to ſleep, but it was all in vain.
I would have dream'd of pleaſure after pain,
Becauſe I knew I ſhould it find at laſt,
God grant my guide may ſtill with me remain,
It is to come that I believ'd was paſt.

42 This is a dream, and yet I thought it beſt,
To write the ſame, and keep it ſtill in mind:
Becauſe I knew there was no earthly reſt
Prepard for us that have our hearts inclin'd

To ſeek the Lord: we muſt be purg'd and fin'd,
Our droſſe is great, the fire muſt try us ſore:
And yet our God is merciful and kind,
He ſhal remain and help us evermore.

43 The way to heaven I ſee is very hard,
My dream declares that we have far to go,
We muſt be ſtout for cowards are debar'd,
Our fleſh of force muſt ſuffer pain and wo.
Theſe driery ways and dangers many mo,
Await for us, we cannot live in reſt:
But let us learn ſince we are warned ſo
To cleave to Chriſt, for he can help us beſt.

44 O ſilly ſouls with care ſo ſore oppreſt,
That love the Lord, and long for heaven ſo hie,
Change not your minds, for ye have choſe the beſt,
Prepare your ſelves for troubled muſt ye be
Faint not for fear in your adverſity,
It is the way that leads you unto life;
Suffer a while and you ſhal ſhortlie ſee
The land of life, when ended is your ſtrife.

45 In wilderneſſe ye muſt be try'd a while:
Yet forward preaſe, and never flee aback:
Like Pilgrims poor, and ſtrangers in exile:
Through fair and foul, your journey you muſt take:
The devil, the world, and all that they can make
Will ſend their force to ſtop you in the way:
Your fleſh will faint, and ſometimes will grow ſlack:
Yet come to Chriſt and he ſhal help you ay.

46 The thorny cares of this deceitful life,
Will rent you hearts, and make your ſouls to bleed:
Your fleſh and ſprite will be at deadly ſtrife;
Your cruel foe will hold you ſtill in dread,
And throw you down: yet riſe again with ſpeed;
And though you fall, yet ly not loytring ſtill:
But call on Chriſt to help you in your need,
Who will not fail his promiſe to fulfill.

47 In floods of wo, when ye are like to drown,

For climb to Christ, and grip him very fast:
And though ye sink, and in the deep fall down,
Yet cry aloud, and he will hear at last.
Dread not the death, nor be not sore agast,
Though all the earth against you shall conspire,
Christ is your guide, and when your pain is past,
You shall have joy above your hearts desire.

48 Though in this earth you shall exalted be,
Fear shal be left to humble you withall:
For if you climb on tops of mountains hie,
The higher up the nearer is your fall.
Your honey sweet shall mixed be with gall;
Your short delite shall end with pain and grief,
Yet trust in God, for his assistance call,
And he shall help and send you soon relief.

49 Though waters great do campasse you about,
Though tyrants threat, though Lions rage and roar,
Defy them all, and fear not to win out,
Your guide is near to help you evermore.
Though pricks of iron do prick you very sore,
As noysome lusts that seek your soul to slay:
Yet cry on Christ, and he shall go before,
The nearer heaven the harder is the way.

50 Run out your race, you must not faint nor ty
Nor sit, nor stand, nor turn aback again:
If ye intend to have your hearts desire,
Prease forward still, although it were with pain,
No rest for you so long as you remain
As pilgrims poor into this loathsome life:
Fight on your fight, it shal not be in vain;
Your rich reward is worth a greater strife.

51 If after tears, I live a while in joy,
And get a taste of that eternal glore:
Be not secure: nor slip not your convoy,
For if ye do, ye shall repent it sore.
He knows the way, and he shall go before;
Only ye alone, ye shal not misse a fall:

ur filthie flesh it must be troubled more,
ye forget upon your God to call.
52 If Christ be gone, although you seem to flee,
ith golden wings above the firmament:
ome down again, ye shal not better be,
hat pride of yours ye shall right sore repent.
hen hold him fast with humble heart and bent,
o follow him although through hell and death:
e went before, his soul was torn and rent.
or your deserts he felt his fathers wrath.
53 Though in the end ye suffer torments fell,
leave fast to him that felt the same before:
he way to heaven must be through death and hell,
he last assault must trouble you full sore.
he Lion then most cruellie will roar,
is time is short, his forces he will bend,
he greater strife, the greater is your glore,
ur pain is short, your joy will never end.
54 Rejoice in God, let not your courage fail,
e chosen Saints that are afflicted here,
hough Sathan rage, he never shal prevail,
ight in the end, and stoutly persevere:
ur God is true, your blood to him is dear,
ar not the way, since Christ is your convoy,
hen clouds are past, the weather will grow clear,
e sow in tears, but ye shal reap in joy.
55 But death and hell have lost their cruel sting,
ur Captain Christ hath made them all to yeeld:
ift up your hearts and praises to him sing,
iumph for joy, your enemies are kil'd.
he Lord of Hosts he is your strength and shield,
he Serpents head hath stoutlie troden down:
ust in his strength, passe forward in the field:
y'rcome in fight, and ye shal wear the crown.
56 The King of kings if he be on our side,
e need not fear who dare against us stand:
o the field may we not boldlie bide,

For he that help us with his mightie hand.
Who sits above and rules both Sea and Land,
Who with his breath doth make the hills to shake,
The hosts of heaven are arm'd at his command
To fight the field when we appear most weak.

57 Pluck up your hearts ye are not left alone,
The Lamb of God shall lead you in the way,
The Lord of Hosts that reigns in royal throne,
Against your foes his banner will display.
The Angels bright shal stand in good aray
To hold you up, you need not fear to fall,
Your enemies shal flee and be your prey,
Ye shal triumph, and they shal perish all.

58 The joyes of heaven are worth a moments pa
Take courage then, lift up your heart on hie:
To judge the earth when he shal come again,
Above the clouds ye shal exalted be.
A crown of joy and true felicitie
Awaits for you, when finisht is your fight:
Suffer a while and you shall shortlie see,
A glore most great and infinite of weight.

59 Prepare your selves, the valiant men of war,
And thrust with force out through the narrow way,
Hold on your course, and shrink not back for fear,
Christ is your guide you shal not go astray,
The time is near, be sober, watch and pray,
He sees our tears, and he hath laid in store
A rich reward, which in that joyful day
Ye shal receive, and reign for evermore.

60 Now to the King that creat all of nought,
The Lord of lords, that rules both land and sea:
That say'd our souls, and with his blood us bough
And vanquisht death triumphing on a tree.
To the great and glorious Trinitie,
That saves the poor, and doth his own defend,
Be all and glore, honour and Majestie,
[illegible]: Amen, World without end.

Come sweet Love, let sorrow cease,
com: Jesus Christ, come comfort me,
me give me thy sprite of grace,
all my troubles to support me.
For I have liv'd most fooliſhlie,
ough kind-repinde, my mind-inclin'd
o everie sin and vanitie,
leud by nature born,
sinfull wretch by death appointed:
my fathers me beforn,
nd dead in sin, yet thine Anointed
Thou hast sent down of thy free grace,
me to die that he might be
he Mediator of my peace.
th came by the first ADAM,
or sin wherethrough his God he grieved:
rist our second Adam came,
nd he brought life and him relieved
From death and everlasting pain.
t same ADAM, that Lamb that came,
is death hath given me life again.
d for ADAM did prepare
Garden for his habitation:
ist was in a Garden fair,
roubled in mind for my salvation.
The cruel death him sore affeard,
hat combate, he grat and swat
the Garden bloodie teares.
m in the Garden dwelt,
nd in the Garden disobeyed,
ist into a Garden felt
e wrath of God, and was betrayed.
The Jews by night with Judas came,
ar of wear, with spear in gear,
take that most innocent Lamb.
n in the Garden fled,

and did him wrong he had offended,
Chriſt in a Garden bade,
and in the Garden apprehended.
Before the Prieſt brought and exam'd:
Accuſ'd, miſuſ'd, refuſ'd, they chuſ'd
Barrabas, and Chriſt condemn'd.
Adam ſinn'd becauſe becauſe that he,
eat of the fruit that was forbidden:
Chriſt the fruit was of the tree,
whereon he died, the God head hidden:
Was crucified between two theeves,
Wherethrow Jeſu ſav'd you, that trow,
and firmlie in his bloud believes.
Adam baniſht from the Lord,
and for fault for his foul offences;
Our *Adam* hath us reſtor'd,
for our faults made recompences.
And ſatisfied his Fathers wrath,
For all that fall, that call and ſhall
repent, and ſeek to him by faith.
It was onlie Jeſus Chriſt,
that ſuffered for thy ſins and ſmarted:
Neither Pope nor Popiſh Prieſt,
the Virgin nor the Saints departed.
But onlie Chriſt that holie one,
Nought than in man, that wan or can
ſave our ſouls but Chriſt alone.
I conclude, and ends here than,
its onlie Chriſt our ſouls hath ſav't,
Fie on merits and works of man,
give Chriſt the praiſe, for he ſhould have it.
All praiſe to God our King therefore:
Which King us bring, to reign and ſing,
with him in his eternal glore.

FINIS.